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and that is to read our JOURNALS. Just recently I visited in one of our largest hospitals in the South. I asked quite a few of our graduate nurses if they would kindly loan me their latest JOURNAL. I told them I had received the October number by sending to the office; that I was not permanently located and did not want to subscribe just now. One of the nurses said: "I haven't the JOURNAL, but perhaps you can get it from the Superintendent." She then asked me some questions in regard to sending away for it, and was very much surprised to think it was printed in New York and that you could not buy it most anywhere. Now, girls, let's try to begin the new year right and do our work well and systematically, for there isn't anything run without system.

Little Rock, Ark.

E. E. N.

FROM AN INDIAN MISSION

(Written for an alumnae association)

DEAR EDITOR: Ganado Post Office consists of one building, which is a trading store, post office and house combined. Ganado mission, about two miles from the post office, consists of about twelve buildings, dormitories for fifty boys and girls, a large school building not quite complete, the office, church, manse, hospital, two tuberculosis camps, laundry, electric power plant under construction, barn and chicken house. The hospital (Presbyterian) has four wards, seventeen beds in all, and the camps of six beds each. Just now we have five tuberculosis, one tubercular hip, two malnutrition from the mutton diet, two babies with intestinal intoxication and one placenta praevia who has hemorrhages at intervals either day or night. Dr. C. S. Hutchinson, from Los Angeles, has charge of the hospital and I am head nurse. I have one Indian girl to help with the work and expect later to have four other Indian girls who want to take the nurse's training. One tubercular patient, the hip case, the placenta praevia, and the two babies are the only ones who can't take care of themselves. I have had quite a lot of night work so far. The first two weeks we had two surgical cases and a six months' old baby which kept me up. The wards and my room are all on the same floor, so I can hear the bells at night. We had two operations the first Monday A. M. that I was here. The doctor at Indian Wells, forty miles away, was here, so he stayed until I arrived, then they did a laparotomy on an American woman, who lives near here, and opened and drained the tubercular hip. Our doctor operated, a physician from Indian Wells gave the anesthetic, a man who had about six months' training in a navy hospital assisted, and Miss Miller, the housekeeper, did unsterile work. The patient's husband killed flies and ran errands. The first thing that happened was the near-explosion of one of the lamps under the water sterilizer. We have a fine autoclave, basin, and instrument sterilizer and water sterilizer, all heated by kerosene lamps. One of these was not working properly and the flame burned down inside instead of staying up in the burner, so it had to be carried out on a shovel, a mass of flames, and exploded just as it was dropped on the ground. That delayed our breakfast, as everybody in the hospital came to see, so we were late starting the operation. Everybody was new to everybody's methods, so we were pretty slow, but got along fine and everything came out just perfect, no infections, no set-backs of any kind. The water is alkaline and sometimes sandy and I gave hypodermics of water so sandy that you could hardly push the plunger down, and never got an abscess. I catheterized one patient for twelve days and boiled the catheters on the kitchen stove in the day-time and by holding them over a kerosene lamp at night, and was lucky not to get any infection. Infections don't thrive in this

climate, I guess, for the Navajos come in with cuts tied up in rags so dirty they are stiff and never a sign of pus. One day I said to Dr. Hutchinson, "What keeps them from infections?" and he said, "I don't know, unless it's the Lord." The dispensary is where we have the most fun and see the real Navajo in his native dress. They come sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, on burros, and in wagons, singly, in pairs and by whole families. One family brought the baby that was sick from eating too many pinyon nuts. Mother and baby and big sister came in the wagon, sister driving the team, and big brother riding on horseback. We kept the baby over night, dosed it well with calomel, and the family camped on the plain about one-half mile away, and next day the whole troupe went their way rejoicing. Sunday afternoon a family came in dressed in the height of fashion. Father wore "store clothes" with beads, ear-rings and bracelets. Mother, who had been sick all summer (malnutrition), wore a black velvet waist and black and white calico skirt, also beads and bracelets and rings. The baby, about a year and a half old, wore an orange velvet waist and green velvet pants. The pants are not sewed up at the center seam. Each leg is attached to a band that ties in front. He also wore beads and bracelets and store shoes, which his mother insisted upon keeping by her bedside. Both men and women wear their hair long and tied up in a peculiar bow knot effect at the back with cord or yarn. I measured one of the full calico skirts and it had seven breadths in the skirt and fourteen in the ruffle. The women do not wear any underwear, but sometimes as many as four of these skirts. Their shoes are yellow-brown sheepskin, buttoned down the side with dimes and quarters made into buttons. They also use these even for buttons on their waists and in the men's coats. On one waist I counted fourteen quarter dollars and on one coat five fifty-cent pieces. Sometimes they use safety pins. One woman had sixteen down the front of her waist. Their velvet waists are tan, brown, orange, purple and black; their skirts are usually black-and-white calico or sometimes red-and-white. Then everyone wears a blanket shawl-wise, not the Navajo blankets which they weave, for these are sold to the traders, and "store blankets," something like a fine horse blanket in most grotesque and gaudy patterns, are worn. The babies are carried in wooden carriers, a padded board with straps to lace the baby in. The babies are usually pitifully dirty and done up in old pieces of flour sacking. They are so pleased when Dr. Hutchinson gives them glasses, and old Chief Johnny wanted the doctor to make him some iron teeth. One woman came in complaining of severe headache, due, she told the interpreter, to water put on her head when she was baptized some months before. The doctor looked her over and told her some bad teeth were causing her headache. She was quite skeptical and said, "My teeth aren't in my head, my teeth are in my mouth." The doctor also pulls teeth. I haven't attempted that yet. We often doctor the horses. We give them a grape-juice bottle full of the purple potassium permanganate solution. One man wanted two bottles because he had two horses. Then he told Helen, my interpreter, that it was a very sweet color.

Arizona

S. C.